

Meigs County Telegraph.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE, AGRICULTURE, COMMERCE, AND NEWS.

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T. A. PLANTS, Editor.

"Independent in all things—Neutral in nothing."

T. A. PLANTS & Co., Publishers.

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Meigs County Telegraph.

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T. A. PLANTS, Attorney and Counselor at Law, Pomerooy, O. Office in the Court House.

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ISAAC FALLER, Clothier, Grocer and Dry Goods Dealer, First Store above Donnelly & Jennings, near the Hollingsworth Hotel, on the County Market, are respectfully requested to call and examine my goods, as I am confident that I cannot be undersold.

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POMEROY ROLLING MILL CO. Keep constantly on hand and manufacture to order, all kinds and sizes of flat, round and square iron of superior quality, and which they offer at wholesale and retail at current rates. Also, American and Swedish nail rods, steel and iron flow-wings, cast and wrought iron, wagon boxes, berap-iron and kidney ore taken in exchange.

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PETER LAMBERT, Watchmaker & Jeweler, Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Fancy Articles, Court Street, below the New Building House, Pomerooy, Ohio. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry carefully repaired on short notice.

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POMEROY Salt Company, Salt twenty-five cents per bushel. Office near the Furnace.

DABNEY Salt Company, Coalport. Salt twenty-five cents per bushel for country trade.

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F. E. HUMPHREY, Blacksmith, in his new building, back of the Bank Building, Pomerooy. Job work of all kinds, Horse-shoeing, &c., executed with neatness and dispatch.

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F. LYMAN, Painter and Glazier, back room of P. Lambert's Jewelry Store, west side Court Street, Pomerooy, O.

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JOHN EISELSTIN, Saddle, Harness and Trunk Manufacturer, Front Street, three doors below Court, Pomerooy, will execute all work entrusted to his care with neatness and dispatch. Also gotten up in the neatest style.

JAMES WRIGHT, Saddle and Harness Maker, Shop over Black and Bathman's Store, Rut and O.

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CARRIAGE & WAGON MAKING by M. BLACKMAN, Front Street, first corner below the Rolling Mill, Pomerooy, Ohio. In his line of business manufactured at reasonable prices, and they are especially recommended for durability.

PETER CROSBIE, Wagon Maker, Mulberry Street, west side, three doors Back Street, Pomerooy, Ohio. Manufacturer of Wagons, Buggies, Carriages, &c. All orders filled on short notice.

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D. C. WHALEY, Surgeon Dentist, Hummer's Building and Store, Rutland Street, Middleport, O. All operations pertaining to the profession promptly performed. Ladies waited upon at their residence, if desired.

POCKET CUTLERY.

A SUPERIOR lot of Pocket Cutlery, may be found in my establishment, which for cheapness, deft competition. Call and convince yourself.

June 21-26-3m. P. LAMBERT.

Poetry.

WOULD YOU?

BY LUCY LANTON.

Could you keep the link of spring
On the wood's leaf and twig?
Keep the half-voiced thought away
To some fitting wild-bird's lightness;
Through the hick-nut's rippling green
Hold the maple-keys from dropping;
On the sword with May's downy gleam
Clasp the poplar into sleeping;
Could you make the rose-bud's life
Vow to be long and forever;
From the soldier's waving flag
Let the patient dew drop never;
Could you bid the sunset hour
For a while overboard going;
Could you change the year's full flower
For its first faint promise—would you?

Though a bubbling cup we quaff
From the fountain of morning,
And a welcome without waiting,
All life's sweetest moments waiting;
Languishing, with thirst unquenched,
Find a later draught the best;
Miracles—how they are called
For a dream of living—would you?

—(LANTON.)

Miscellany.

THE FIGHTING EDITOR OF ARKANSAS.

There never was an age in the annals of time, or a country on the surface of the globe, where dueling prevailed to such an extent as it did in the early history of Arkansas. No one public man ever attained to any considerable eminence, either professional or political in that purple land where law insured no life, without first passing through the terrible ordeal of blood and fire on the misadvised field of honor. The Rectors, Conways, Crittendens, Seviors, Johnsons, Bordenes—every name of note that can be mentioned—all furnished so many examples of this strange yet general rule. Even the learning and eloquence of the mild and merciful lawyer and poet, Albert Pike, to achieve influence or distinction, availed not until he had proved his prowess in mortal combat with a redoubled foe.

In addition to the usual causes operating on all frontiers to produce such a stage of society, another one existed in the stormy sea of politics. The Whigs and Democrats were nearly equal in numerical force, and never did hostile factions display more intense activity and concentrated bitterness. On the stump, in the forum, and through the press, everywhere, and by all possible means, they battled their furious animosities against each other in terms of invective, wrath and denunciation. As a necessary consequence, none save men of the highest courage dared aspire to be leaders in parties where such a position must be won and maintained at the flaming mouth of the pistol or before the fearful point of the bowie knife and double-edged dagger.

One horrible peculiarity marked the course of such personal conflicts—they almost always terminated fatally to the individuals engaged in the unnatural strife. No combatant thought his fair fame vindicated by merely wounding his antagonist; nothing would suffice but the *coup de grace* of death. Indeed, the universal opinion of the community regarded bloodless encounters as shameful in the extreme—worse, even, than positive cowardice; and as every candidate for popular favor had prepared himself well by long practice, to use the last great argument, which closed all discussions and silenced the most stubborn objector, very few meetings occurred where the spectators were not gratified by witnessing the slaughter of one or both of the ambitious rivals.

As may be easily imagined, the post of an editor was the most perilous of all others; and hence, the opposing factions respectively selected the entire crops to manage their journals from the most desperate adventurers that could be mustered, and paid them accordingly to do their own fighting and that of all their anonymous correspondents. In some instances thousands of dollars were expended as mere premiums, besides the offer of enormous salaries, to secure the pen and pistol of the most notorious duelist in the south-west. I could specify one man, an ex-Senator, who owed his rise to this very circumstance.

However, leaving these vague generalities, the following brief sketch of striking and real particulars will afford a tolerable conception of the stern trials incidental to editorial life.

Early in the month of July, 1839, Israel Woods, the proprietor of the Arkansas "Democrat," was seated in his sanctum, busily employed in the manufacture of written slander for his weekly issue. A single glance at this person was truly enough to make an ordinary beholder tremble with apprehension; for you might search the wide world without finding his superior in physical power and agility. In the prime of youth and robust health, he seemed a mighty mass of iron bones and elastic sinew—strong as the mythic Milo when he bent the ancient oaks. His hands looked like sledge hammers, and his countenance bore the impress of reckless bravery—a sort of mute defiance and challenge to all the heroes of the human race. His eyes were of a peculiar tint—that fierce reddish yellow which resembles the iris of the eagle, of all colors considered the sign of the most dangerous characters.

Indeed, he had acquired his title to be placed foremost in the highest class of the fighting chivalry by daring feats performed in all principal cities of the south from Charleston to New Orleans. Nevertheless, he had more sense than to rely for impunity on the terror which his name so irresistibly inspired. His office was an armory. A huge double-barreled shotgun hung a short distance above his head,

and a half dozen loaded pistols laid beside him on the table, while the silver hilt of a dagger peeped out from beneath his vest. He was ready for immediate battle, whoever might be the assailant.

Suddenly footsteps resounded on the floor behind him, and a stout, dark-faceted man, of middle age, with long flowing hair of raven hue, and flashing black eyes, rushed into the room in a state of wild and almost phrenzied excitement, and threw himself into a seat.

The editor, at first, anticipating a hostile visit, cocked a revolver, but instantly perceiving his mistake, deposited the weapon at his elbow, exclaiming as he did so—"What now, Elias Wharton? Is there a new tempest brewing in the political atmosphere?"

"Just look here!" ejaculated the other, with an infuriated gesture, pointing to a column of the Arkansas "Whig," which he held up, with the ink not yet dry on the paper.

Woods snatched the article from the fingers of his friend, and devouring the contents with a rapid glance, uttered a malediction too horrible for record while his very lips turned white with rage and disappointment.

"Is not that too bad?" vociferated Wharton, clenching the interrogatory with a still more dreadful oath.

"Who could have expected, in the meridian of Little Rock, to see a philippic against dueling?"

"And an appeal to the religious prejudices of the people?" added the editor, frowning till his brows met in a frightful arch.

"Yes, and the cunning scoundrel has managed to lay all the blame of combat on the Democrats, from the first settlement of the country!" affirmed the other.

"And he has given the history of all my encounters, from my stabbing a sophomoric of the University of Virginia, till my rifle-battle with doctor Wilson!" complained Woods.

"And that drudge alone will do more injury to our party than anything that has happened for years," remarked Wharton.

"Who can the writer be?" asked the editor, in a musing tone.

"I cannot so much as imagine," returned the friend. "It is not the learned and lugubrious style of Pike, or the showy declamation of Abner Fowler. It must be some new head in the prolific field of Whiggery."

"What shall we do to spike the new gun in the battery, for unless that be accomplished we shall lose the election," said the editor, with a look of sore embarrassment.

"You must demand the author, and provoke him to an interview!" suggested Wharton.

"And suppose they should give up the name of Fent Noland, as they did on the last similar occasion? You know it would be suicide to fight the author of Pete Whetstone!" answered Woods with a shudder.

At the moment, William, the elder brother of Elias Wharton, entered the sanctum, exclaiming—"I have discovered the writer of the article signed by 'Vindicta.'"

"Who is he?—who is he?" asked the political comrades, in the same eagerly impetuous breath.

"You would never conjecture in a thousand guesses," replied the other.

"Let us know at once, do not keep us in suspense."

"Levi Coleman, the young Methodist preacher."

"The devil!" shouted the astonished editor.

"The devil?" echoed his sympathizing friend. "How did you learn so strange a fact?"

"From the foreman in the 'Whig' office—in the strictest confidence, however, so that you must not hint at the source of the information."

"And now what is to be done?" they all inquired together.

"The case is complicated with serious difficulties," observed Elias Wharton; "for if we let the matter pass in silence, the really hypocrite will become bolder in his attack; and if we punish his insolence as it deserves, every Methodist vote in the State will probably be cast against us."

After reflecting a few moments, the journalist sprang to his feet, crying out furiously—"I will fix the base wretch, so that the members of his own sect will disown him!" And he hastily buckled on his belt, and filling it with pistols, rushed forth into the street.

As chance would have it, the youthful minister was at that instant walking by the door. He was a slender pale-faced man, with a fair complexion, bright blue eyes, and a countenance of profound and ever-poising thought, apparently incapable of raising a shadow of aggression, or so much as harming a fly.

"Are you the author of Vindicta," in the recent number of the Arkansas "Whig?" demanded Woods, advancing so near to his intended victim that their heads almost touched.

"I am," answered Coleman in his clear silvery voice, without betraying the faintest token of alarm.

"Then thus I chastise your impudence and falsehood!" shouted the enraged editor, seizing the clergyman's nose with a grasp of iron, and spitting scornfully in his mouth.

"If I did not fear to have the full stains of your polluting blood on the now pure record of my conscience, I would teach you a lesson never to be forgotten until your dying day!" remarked Coleman, as calmly as in a prayer meeting.

"Away with you, paltoon and liar!" ordered Woods, administering several contemptuous kicks, as the other retreated slowly from the inglorious field.

The rumor of the affair circulated with

inconceivable rapidity, and immediately became the subject of general conversation; but singularly as it may seem, everybody denounced the juvenile preacher, so that he sunk down at once from the pinnacle of popularity to the lowest abyss of shame and degradation; and on the subsequent Sunday, when he ascended the pulpit, not half a dozen hearers attended the service. His chosen church deserted him as a coward—for that was the real cause of offense; although many disguised the fact under the flimsy pretext that they disapproved of his conduct in meddling with questions of politics.

It is impossible to paint the emotions of the young minister when he witnessed the result, and saw himself abandoned by his Spiritual Rock. Even negroes and boys taunted him as a coward whenever he appeared in the streets, and his affianced bride, a lady of great beauty and intelligence, gave him a cold and cruel dismissal. Had he been proven guilty of burglary or theft, his disgrace could not have been more complete.

No one, therefore, wondered when he withdrew from the fellowship of the Methodist denomination, and shut himself up in the solitude of his private apartment, as many supposed in a condition bordering on mental derangement. The following week however revealed the fruits of his meditations in an unexpected manner that startled the whole city. Another article came out in Arkansas "Whig," and this time over Levi Coleman's own signature, which excelled any satire ever before seen in the south-west for awful, boundless, bitter denunciation. Every sentence of the ex-preacher's pen seemed like the flash of an internal sword—every word pierced like the thrust of a poisoned dagger.

The editor of the "Democrat" and all his friends—indeed, his whole party, and even his family—were subjected to the penalty of summary massacre. He dragged into light all their private as well as political sins, and accused them of imaginary crimes, that caused every reader to turn white with horror.

Then, as soon as the newspaper was issued, he left his room, and promenade the public thoroughfare with the proud and lofty tread of a hero, accompanied by Fent Noland, both thoroughly armed.

A challenge from Israel Woods, then perhaps the most deadly duelist in the world, was the immediate consequence, and the youth accepted it, to combat with pistols at ten paces!

The interview took place the next morning at sunrise, on the bank of the Arkansas river, half a mile below Little Rock, and never did a greater concourse of spectators swarm to behold a similar scene.

At the appointed hour the seconds, Elias Wharton for Woods, and Fent Noland for Coleman, stationed their principals in position, and the anxious throng actually trembled in fearful expectancy of the brutal signal. Indeed, the proximity of the foe was so close that the escape of either with life seemed altogether hopeless.

In the meanwhile a wonderful change had been wrought in the aspect of the formerly mild and merciful minister. His blue eyes looked luminous as fire balls, and the thoughtful sadness of his countenance had been replaced by a perpetual smile, fierce, scorching, murderous, as appeared to have the power of blasting the gaze's sight, like the flash of lightning from a thunder cloud.

As Fent Noland left his friend, he whispered in his ear: "Be sure and aim at the enemy's head, and fire at the word; it is your only chance."

At length the signal sounded, and both weapons roared apparently together, yet, in fact, Coleman's had the precedence by some half a second, and that diminutive fragment of duration made all the difference of an entire eternity in the result.

Woods fell to the earth like a stone dropped from the ban, with a bullet hole through his right temple, while his own ball whistled the fourth of an inch above his adversary's head. From that day the fame and fortune of Levi Coleman might be considered firmly established. He was installed forthwith in the editorial chair of the Arkansas "Whig," and wielded pen and pistol with the same triumphant success, until suddenly the angel of pestilence cut short his career.

HAPPINESS.—Madam Girardin says of happiness—"For ages happiness has been represented as a huge precious stone, impossible to find, which people seek for hopelessly. It is not so; happiness is a mosaic, composed of a thousand little stones, which separately and of themselves have little value, but which, united with art, form a graceful design. Set the mosaic carefully, and you have a beautiful ornament; learn to understand intelligently the passing enjoyments which chance, which your character gives you, or which heaven sends you, and you have an agreeable existence. Why always look to the horizon, when there are such fine roses in the garden you live in?"

The American rowdy is a terrible nuisance. Listen to the description by Mynheer, the Teutich landlord:—"Ter rowdy com'd in an axed me to sell him some beer. I tells 'im he had more as would do 'im good. Vell, he call me von ole Teutich liar, an' peggu to probe two timplers. Vell, mine vife she call loud for de vatch case. Fore de vatch case got dare, de rowdy he kick me peland de pack, kiss mine taugher Pesty before her face, proke all der timplers 'cept de ole stone pitcher, an' spit mine vife an' te old peer parls tinter der cellar."

A love sick swain in describing a kiss, says it is a draught that passes through the system like a bucket of water through a basket of eggs.

Proceedings of the Teachers' Institute, at Pomerooy.

Pomerooy, Sept. 5th, 1859.

1 o'clock P. M.—The Association met in the Academy pursuant to call of Executive Committee. The President and Vice President being absent, Dr. J. P. Bing was elected President pro tem. A motion carried to elect officers.

Minutes were read and approved. Constitution was read, after which, election of officers was held. The following was the result:

Dr. J. P. Bing, President.
T. S. Stivers, Secretary.
W. H. Lasley, Treasurer.
Dr. J. R. Philson, R. Bissell, Members of the Executive Committee.

The following persons became members of the Association: T. S. Stivers, Laura Page, W. E. Waters, A. Davis, C. Townsend, Stephen Gates, S. C. Lasley, L. G. Waterman, Rachel Knight. Adjourned to meet to-morrow, at 9 A. M.

Sept. 6, 9 o'clock A. M.
Association called to order by the President, pursuant to adjournment. Exercises opened by reading Philippians, second chapter, fourteen verses, and prayer, by Mr. Stivers. Mr. Ogden not having arrived, Mr. Angel presented the following programme for to-day:

1. That the teachers give their methods of teaching the alphabet.

2. That we discuss the subject of school government.

After a general discussion of the first topic, recess of 15 minutes. Mr. Davis and Miss Bicknell were appointed critics for the day, to report at the close of each exercise. The following was then offered:

Resolved, That corporal punishment should be used in school government.

After discussion and critics' remarks, recess till 2 o'clock P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.
Motion carried to have public discussion this evening, in the Court House.

The corporal punishment question was agreed upon for discussion, and, also, the following resolution:

Resolved, That parents and guardians should be compelled, by law, to send their children and wards to school, for set periods of time.

Motion carried, to require the critics to report the names of the persons criticised in connection with the criticisms.

H. F. Miller occupied about 40 minutes by a lecture on the subject of Reading.

Several resolutions were offered, and the following discussed:

Resolved, That no teacher should lay down a code of laws in school.

After some discussion, laid on the table.

The following was then discussed and laid on the table:

Resolved, That all communications or whispering should be prohibited in school.

Motion in reference to discussion this evening reconsidered and rescinded. Mr. John Ogden having arrived, he requested to lecture in place of the discussion.

Critics made their report, and on motion adjourned to meet in the Court House at seven o'clock P. M. Mr. John Ogden addressed a large and attentive audience, in the Court House, in an introductory lecture on Education.

Sept. 7, 9 o'clock A. M.
Exercises opened by reading the 32d Psalm, and prayer, by Mr. Ogden. Mr. Laulead and Miss Bosworth appointed critics.

Lecture by Mr. Ogden, on Grammar. Recess of 15 minutes.

Lecture by Mr. Ogden, on the Theory of Teaching.

AFTERNOON SESSION.
1 1/2 P. M.—Exercises by Mr. Ogden in Reading and English Grammar, and lecture on School-room Duties.

Adjourned to meet at 9 o'clock to-morrow.

Sept. 8, 9 A. M.
Exercises opened by reading a Psalm, and prayer by T. S. Stivers.

After a few minutes of miscellaneous business, exercises in Grammar by Mr. Ogden; by H. F. Miller in Arithmetic; and lecture by Mr. Ogden on the art of Teaching.

AFTERNOON SESSION.
1 1/2 P. M.—Exercises in Reading by Mr. Ogden, and lecture on Music, by Mr. A. W. Williams.

Mr. Lasley was appointed critic. Motion passed requiring persons criticised to correct their own errors, when pointed out by the critic.

Exercise by Mr. Ogden on Grammar. Adjourned to meet in the Court House at 7 1/2 o'clock, to hear Mr. Ogden.

Sept. 8, 9 o'clock A. M.
Exercises opened by reading and prayer, by Mr. Ogden.

Mr. Bosworth and Miss U. Stivers appointed critics.

Lecture on Arithmetic by Mr. Miller. Lecture by Mr. Ogden on Grammar. Recess 15 minutes.

Lecture by Mr. Ogden on Study.

AFTERNOON SESSION.
Exercises by Mr. Ogden on the Phonetic element of the English Language.

The resolution laid over yesterday "To petition the General Assembly," &c., was, on motion, adopted.

On motion, it was

Resolved, That hereafter the sessions of this Association be held annually.

The following persons became new members: Miss M. M. Henry, J. B. Bradford, Sophia Allen, Sarah Wheeler, Jane Bradbury, Miss M. J. McElhinny and Aaron Stivers.

Mr. Ogden lectured on the Art of Teaching.

The following resolutions were then adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Association be hereby tendered to the publishers of the Meigs County Telegraph for their liberality in publishing its proceedings, gratis.

Resolved, That the Association hereby tender to Mr. John Ogden their hearty and sincere thanks for the kindness and patience with which he has instructed them, during their present session, and for the able and efficient manner in which he has conducted the exercises of the same; and, further, that the Executive Committee of this Association be and are hereby instructed to extend to Mr. Ogden an invitation to attend the next session of the Association.

A vote of thanks was also passed to the Trustees of the "Pomerooy Academy" for the use of their building, and to the citizens of Pomerooy for their hospitality.

The number of members in attendance at this session of the Association, from the several townships of the county, is as follows: From Salisbury, 27; Sutton, 17; Chester, 4; Rutland, 2; Letart, Lebanon, Orange and Bedford, each 1. In all, 54.

Critics made their report, after which the Association adjourned by singing the doxology:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."
J. P. BING, President.<